Simp. Marry Sir, I come to ſpeake with Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* from Maſter *Slender.*

Hoſt. There's his Chamber, his Houſe, his Caſtle his ſtanding-bed and truckle-bed : 'tis painted about with the ſtory of the Prodigall, freſh and new: goe, knocke and call: hee'l ſpeake like an Anthropophaginian vnto thee; Knocke I ſay.

Simp. There's an olde woman, a fat woman gone vp into his chamber; ile be ſo bold as ſtay Sir till ſhe come down I come to ſpeake with her indeed.

Hoſt. Ha? A fat woman? The Knight may be robb'd; Ile call. Bully-Knight, Bully Sir *Iohn*; ſpeake from thy Lungs Military; Art thou there? It is thine Hoſt, thine Epheſian cals.

Fal. How now, mine Hoſt?

Hoſt. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar taries the comming downe of thy fat-woman. Let her deſcend (Bully) let her deſcend; my Chambers are honourable; Fie, priuacy? Fie.

Fal. There was (mine Hoſt) an old-fat-woman euen now with me, but ſhe's gone.

Simp. Pray you Sir, was't not the Wiſe-woman of *Brainford*?

Fal. I marry was it (Muſſel-ſhell) what would you with her?

Simp. My Maſter (Sir) my maſter *Slender*, ſent to her ſeeing her go thorough the ſtreets, to know (Sir) whether one *Nim* (Sir) that beguil'd him of a chaine, had the chaine or no.

Fal. I ſpake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what ſayes ſhe, I pray Sir?

Fal. Marry ſhee ſayes, that the very ſame man that beguil'd Maſter *Slender* of his Chaine, cozon'd him of it.

Simp. I would I could haue ſpoken with the Woman her ſelfe, I had other things to haue ſpoken with her too, from him.

Fal.